5-20-1959

THE TOWERS

WEDNESDAY MAY 20, 1959 NO. 8

EXTRA

A Few Prods at an Essayist in Poet's Clothing

Mr. Martin rhapsodizes: "I will live yet among the singing fountains of the sun and of the moon. Their shadowed song will be music of my day, their evening drops the signet of my night. And it will be true, then, that I will be marked with the waters of life; and I will have gone to live in the meadows of Hesperus. And so there, for you, you philosophers."

Reminds one a bit of Jonah and the Angel of the Lord, eh?

Or, as Mr. Beckett puts it: "This dewy sward is not yours, he said. He clasped his hands to his breast. He lifted them towards the maker, .. and giver, of all things, of him, of the daisies, of the grass, Thanks Boss, he said."

No frolic in life's aqua vitae, moon shed or otherwise, makes the question less urgent, less deserving of an utterly candid answer: Who put the Barracuda in Mrs. Murphy's bath water? OK, OK; so you tell her the Evening Star did - me, Fred, I'm going home and read "Winnie and Pooh."

the keeper of the boiler room

Significance Of The Sink In The Studio by Fred Martin

1. Its mottled color (from old residues of paint) is the mottling complexity of the universe with which art deals.

2. The glass of water, brimming always beneath the slow dripping faucet is the full mind with spirit brimming in it and its continual replenishment.

3. The reflection of the windows and the landscape outside the studio in the water brimming in the glass is the spirit's way of knowing the world, the way in which the spirit figures in art (invisible at the surface because of the sight of the world reflected in it, invisible in the deeps of its transparency beneath the reflection, its existence there beyond inference but for the brief quiver of light that moves through it at the striking of the drop and the endless silent refraction of vision through it.

4. The drop is the eternal in-coming of the water of life from beyond us, flooding and running down past us.

5. The drop's shattering and the reflection's re-construction of itself are the way of art.

6. The wind's disturbance of the reflection is what time does to art.

7. Analysis:

A. The dropping: the work
B. The reflected: the other
C. The reflector: the artist
D. The reflection: the work of art.
E. Wind and water: stuff of life
F. The glass: the mind
G The whole studio: the man

8. Observation:

The secret of mountain brooks lies in the sun which is caught in them---this too is in the waters in the studio.

i herald my tutor

come to play her charade,

whose tender warmth has no veil

but smiles truthfully.

with the music of her soft-ness

she does tie me to pleasure,

.....there is a beam of light which(crescendo)

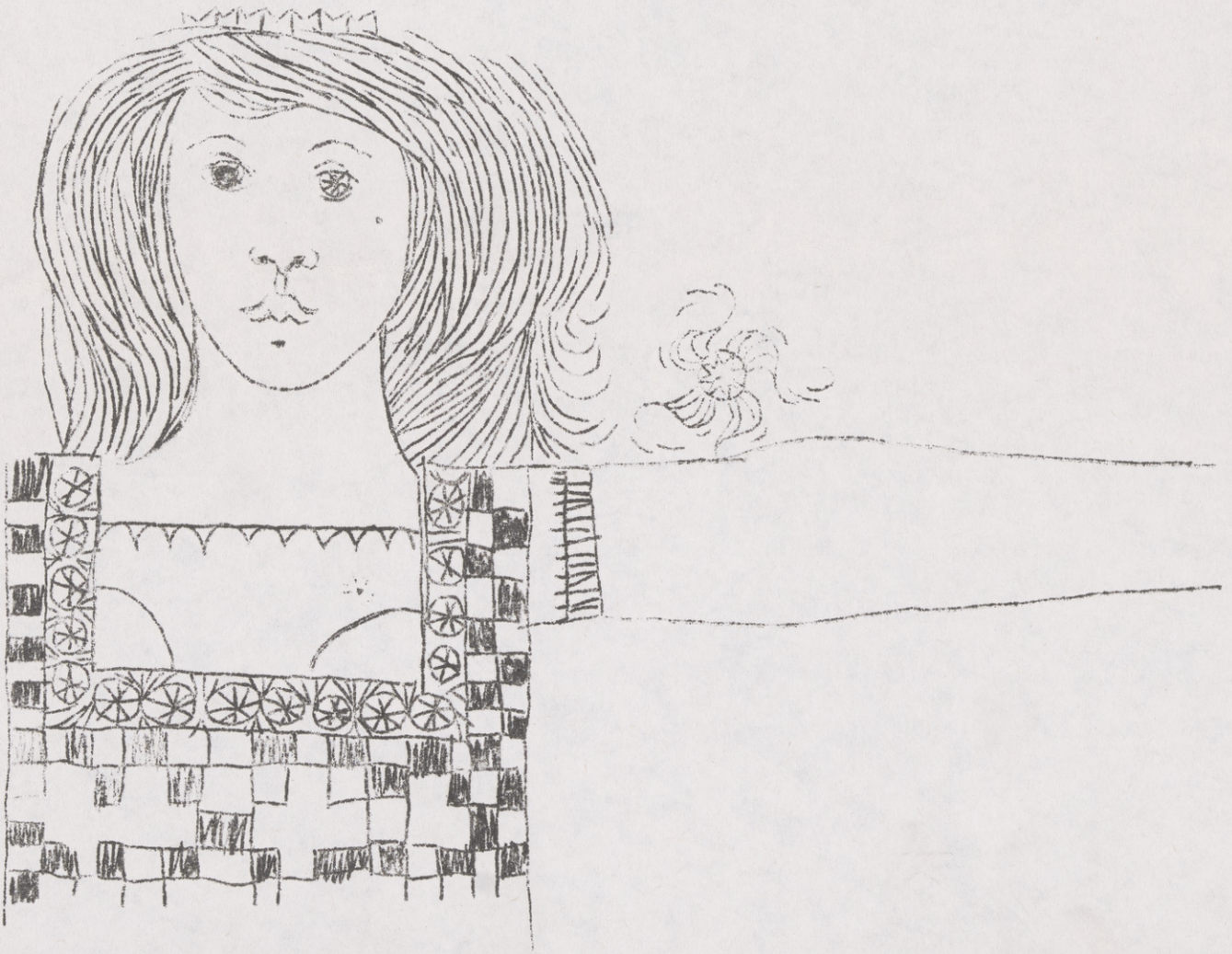
suddenly splashes(!)

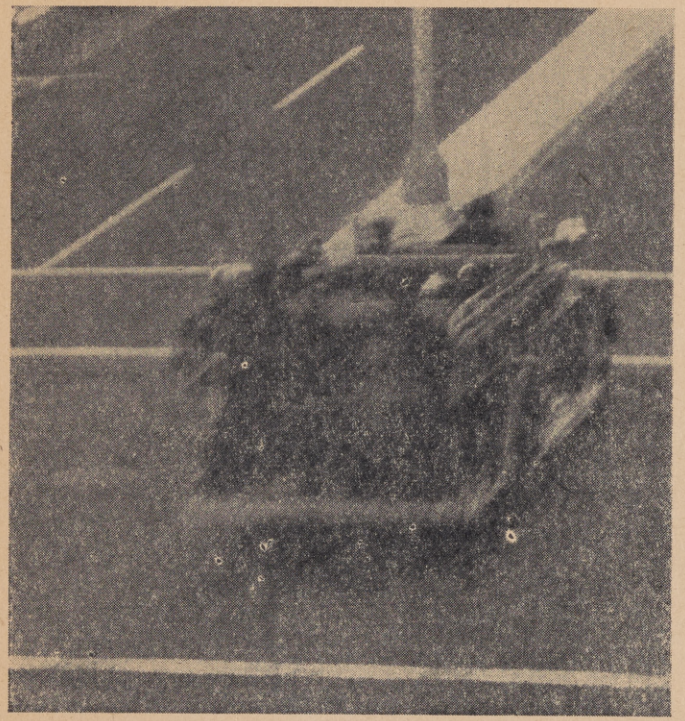
upon us

.....and we again speak of

living things

Anthony Laraschi





shallow?
slow?
why does the silence lack announcing?
then burst itself upon a cry,
to retreat uneager?
cross-hatched and forgotten,
a small figure is,
at first,
protected by distance,
then hustled by claws to safety.
there was a time when a bell sounded
to let all the contestants know.
now there are lines,
mostly lines,
and a little girls wondering-
{mamma?}

Jay Terwilliger

Billy The Kid By Jack Spicer

I

The radio that told me about the death of
Billy The Kid

(And the day, a hot summer day, with birds
in the sky)

Let us fake out a frontier - a poem somebody
could hide in with a sherriff's posse after him -
a thousand miles of it if it is necessary for him
to go a thousand - a poem with no hard corners,
no houses to get lost in, no underwebbing of custom-
ary magic, no New York Jew salesmen of amythest
pajamas, only a place where Billy The Kid can hide
when he shoots people

Torture gardens and scenic railways. The radio
That told me about the death of Billy The Kid

The day a hot summer day. The roads dusty in
the summer. The roads going somewhere. You can
almost see where they are going beyond the dark pur-
ple of the horizon. Not even the birds know where
they are going.

The poem. In all that distance who could recognise
his face.

II

A sprinkling of gold leaf looking like hell flowers
A flat piece of wrapping paper, already wrinkled, but wrinkled
    again by hand, smoothed into shape by an electric iron
A painting
Which told me about the death of Billy The Kid.
Collage a binding together
Of the real
Which flat colors
Tell us what heros
                really come by.
No, it is not a collage. Hell flowers
Fall from the hands of heros
            fall from all of our hands
                                flat
As if we were not ever able quite to include them.
His gun
        does not shoot real bullets
                        his death
Being done is unimportant.
Being done
In those flat colors
Not a collage
A binding together,, a
Memory.

III

There was nothing at the edge of the river
But dry grass and cotton candy.
"Alias," I said to him. "Alias,
Somebody there makes us want to drink the river
Somebody wants to thurst us."
"Kid," he said. "No river
Wants to trap men. There aint no malice in it. Try
To understand."
We stood there by that little river and Alias took off his
shirt and I took off my shirt
I was never real. Alias was never real.
Or that big cotton tree or the ground.
Or the little river.

IV

What I mean is

I

Will tell you about the pain

It was a long pain

About as wide as a curtain

But long

As the great outdoors.

Stig-

mata

Three bullet holes in the groin

One in the **head**

dancing

Right below the left eyebrow

What I mean is I

Will tell you about his

Pain.

V

Billy The Kid in a field of poplars with just one touch of

moonlight

His shadow is carefully

distinguished from all of their shadows

Delicate

as perception is

No one will get his gun or obliterate

Their shadows

VI

The gun

A false clue

Nothing can kill

Anybody.

Not a poem or a fat penis. Bang,

Bang, bang. A false

Clue.

Nor immortality either (though why immortality should occur to me with somebody who was as mortal as Billy The Kid or his gun which is now rusted in some rubbish heap or shined up properly in some New York museum) A

False clue

Nothing

Can kill anybody. Your gun, Billy,

And your fresh

Face.

VII

Grasshoppers swarm through the desert.

Within the desert

There are only grasshoppers.

Lady

Of Guadalupe

Make my sight clear

Make my breath pure

Make my strong arm stronger and my fingers tight.

Lady of Guadalupe, lover

Of many make

Me avenge

Them.

VIII

Back where poetry is Our Lady

Watches each motion when the players take the cards

From the deck.

The Ten Of Diamonds. The Jack Of Spades. The Queen

Of Clubs. The King Of Hearts. The Ace

God gave us when he put us alive writing poetry for unsuspecting

people or shooting them with guns.

Our Lady

Stands as a kind of dancing hostess for the memory.

Will you dance, Our Lady,

Dead and unexpected?

Billy wants you to dance

Billy

Will shoot the heels off your shoes if you don't dance

Billy

Being dead also wants

Fun.

IX

So the heart breaks

Into small shadows

Almost so random

They are meaningless

Like a diamond

Has at the center of it a diamond

Or a rock

Rock.

Being afraid

Love asks its bare riddle --

I can no more remember

What brought me here

Than bone answers bone in the arm

Or shadow sees shadow --

Deathward we ride in the boat

Like someone canoeing

In a small lake

Where at either end

Are nothing but pine-branches --

Deathward we ride in the boat

Broken-hearted or broken-bodied

The choice is real. The diamond. I

Ask it.

X

Billy The Kid

I love you

Billy The Kid

I back anything you say

And there was the desert

And the mouth of the river

Billy The Kid

(In spite of your death notices)

There is honey in the groin

Billy

tall and wide,

long too,

but sometimes squat.

daddy?....

your mother she knows

white and gray,

brown too,

often beautiful.

I know
I know

Anthony Luraschi

THE OLD INTERNATIONAL SETTLEMENT

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II

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